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BARBARY. A Story of Farm Life in Illinois.

BY MRS. E. V. WILSON. AUTHOR OF "RACHEL," 'THE STORY I HEARD ON THE CARS," ETC.

"Yes, I was at his first wife's funeral, an' if anybody had told me 'at in a little more'n a year I'd a ben his second I'd said they was crazy. You see, my third cousin, Martha Jane Holly. she that was Marthy Jane Spaldin', lived in his neighborhood an' I was visitin' of her when his first died, an' Marthy Jane tuk me along to the funeral. It was a dreadful dull day in February an' that muddy the team could hardly pull us. An' when we druv up to the house I thought it was just about the lonesomest place I had ever seen. The house was a great big two-story frame with nine windows an' a big front door; and the yard hadn't a tree or bush in it. 'Law sakes, Marthy Janel' says I, 'what a barn of a house!'

"Well, says she. 'its bran new; they jist moved in it this fall.'

"There was a sight of folks in the house, an I got in somehow 'mong the women, an' tried to look 'round some, but I got sort o' interested in the talk. One o' the women said, 'What a pity 'twas Miss Hillyer had to die jess as she got settled in the new house.' An' another one said, 'She'd noticed many a time when folks built fine houses one or t'other of 'em died.' Then a right old woman spoke up. an' says she, 'That's nonsense. Matildy Hillyer killed herself, so she did. Her an' them two slips of girls done all the work for the men 'at built this yer house, an' for the hands 'at worked the farm, an' the las' time I see her she told me she made a hundred yards o' rag carpet, wove it an' all.' 'What made her? interrupted another woman.

"'Nobody made her,' said the old woman. 'She's that bigoted. I tole her 'twouldn't pay, but she said Squire was sot on hevin' the biggest house on the prairie, an' they got the work done cheaper by boardin' of the men, an' she's boun" to hev carpets-'

"'I don't care,' broke in my third cousin. Marthy Jane Holly. 'It's her own fault. Ef she'd managed the 'Squire right he'd never built sich a house. She tole me she wanted a littler one, handy and full of closets, but the 'Squire wanted the big one. Now, I say of she'd man-

"O pehaw!" said the old woman. 'Miss Holly, you dunno what you's talkin' 'bout. The woman that'll manage Sam Hillyer ain't born.' "At this minit a man came to the door of the kitchen where we was sittin' an' said, "All as wanted to look at the corpse please walk in." I went in with the rest an tuk a look at the pore critter, an' went on through the room where she lay across a great hall into another big room, an'
I thought a hundred yards o' carpet wouldn't begin to cover all them floors. My! but they
looked cold an' dreary, an' I said to Marthy Jane
Holly when we got back to their cozy little
house, that it 'peared to me I'd freeze to death

"Well, when my visit was out I went home. an' I declare I never thought once of him; but along about Christmas what does Marthy Jane Holly's man do but come down to our house with him in a sleigh. You might o' upsot me with a feather when they walked in.

"You see I was nigh onto thirty-five an' not bein' extra good lookin' I'd about concluded no-

body'd ever want me for a wife; but the long and short of it was he had heard about me, an' he said he was lonesome an' his children needed lookin' after, an' I tell you he's a good talker; an' Marthy Jane Holly came to see me, an' said all he needed was the right kind of a woman to manage him; that he was a good pervider, and an' had about as good a farm as there was in the county; an' my brother Jim as I was livin' with an' Cynthy his wife—
she was Cynthy Smith—old Tom Smith's daughter you know—they said it was a splendid
chance for me; they knowed I could get along
with him an' so I give in; but I sort o'mistrusted
that air sot mouth of his all the time. But, as I said, I 'greed to hev him at last, an' we was married at brother Jim's early in March, an' Jim an' Cynthy giv me a right nice weddin' dinner. I will say that fer 'em, an' what's more I always will believe they thought it was a good thing fer a old maid like me to git to be Mrs.

"I felt a little jubious about his children wantin' a step-mother. You see, the oldest girl, Emily, was about eighteen, an' I thought maybe she liked bein' boss; but laws, she 'peared glad when I come, an' had a real nice supper ready; an' Barbry, the next girl, was a smilin', too; an', I heard her tell the beys—there was three of them, from fourteen down to ten years oldthat she liked my looks. "Well, I kin tell you, it wasn't long afore I

found that managin' him was no easy matter; and Emily was his picter. When he wanted a thing done it had to be done his way; an' she like him; and so they covery well, an' he hevin power she hed to give up; and so she was most always in a bad humor. The boys, too, especially Steve, the oldest of the three, was everlastin' quarrelin'. So I begun to think afore many weeks that I'd better staid single, even if it wasn't pleasant livin' with sis-ter in-laws; an' ef it hadn't been for Barbry I dun know what I'd a dun; but Barbry—dear, dear, I choke up yet when I think of her. She was so pretty, with her big blue eyes an white

"I can't somehow help likin' good lookin' girl to be ugly. Mebbe I'm wrong, but I know I allays felt it was to me; an' the minit I see Barbry I liked her, and the more I see her the more I liked her. She was that sweet in her ways; allays givin' up to Emly, and a callin' of me ma from the start, which is more than Emly has to this day. An' I soon see she was his favrite. Not as he said so; but I could see his eyes follerin' her as she went singin' round the house, an' then she never said nothin' back to him, no odds what he said, an' Emiy, pore thing, never could hold that tongue of hern. Not that she wasn's right often an' him wrong; but what's the use of bangin' your head agin a stone wall, I sav.

"I couldn't help laughin' to myself a little, fer

all it burt mighty bad when I thought of Mar-thy Jane Holly and Cynthy talkin' o' managin' him. I did try to better things at first. There was so much hard work. You see, there was nine is the family, countin' the two 'hands;' au' allays eight or nine cows to milk, an' the chickens, an' the garden, an' we women had all them to tend ter; an' I says one day, 'Ef you'd let the girls bev part of the butter money for their-selves don't you think they'd like it? Girls wants a little money sometime.' He jist gimme one look out o' them steely eyes of his an' says he, 'The butter an' eggs hes always bought the groceries. You better net be puttin' fool notions in them children's heads, an his mouth shet down like a rat-trap, an' you better know I hushed up; but I kep'a thinkin'. Wimmen will, you know, an' I thought he calle 'em children. Well, I kin tell him they're past that; an' of I ain't fooled Emly'll show him pretty soon, fur I'd see her an' one o' the hands together a good deal. He was a nice soough young man, so I didn't meddle. What'd ben the usel Well, after a while I found out 'at Barbry wanted a organ awful bad; an' the school miss 'at taught the deestrict school, where the three boys went to school all winter, he'd got the spring term an' wanted to board at our house, an' said of Barbary hed a organ she'd learn her to play fur her board. So I thought I'd tackle him agin, an' I was as cunnin' as I knowed how to be. said how good Barbry was an' how she could sing like a bird; an' how we'd all enjoy music, an' it wouldn't cost much. But laws! I might as well talked to the wind. He sot that mouth of his'n an' says, says he: 'My girls can play on the washboard; that's the insterment their morber hed, an' I won't hev no finniky schoolboardin' here puttin' things in their heads. There's a lettle more o' that now than I

"That's a hit at me you see, but, laws! I didn't care. I guess I was too old to be in love when I married, an' somehow he didn't make me feel very sentimental, as they call it. I sot out to do my duty, though, an' I tried to do it. I tole Barbry it was no use talkin' 'bout a organ, an' she cried an' said, 'Ef pap was a pore man I wouldn't want it. But he's rich an he might let us be a little like other folk, an' ma, she went on, 'ef my mother bedn't had sich a hard time I believe she'd ben a livin' yet, but I guess pap didn't mean it. I ought to be ashamed.' And she wiped her eyes and went up stairs. Well, things went on the same way, but I was gettin' to think lots of the children. The boys was rough sometimes, but I allays liked boys an' never told tales, an' when Steve wanted me to praise his colt—for his pap hed give him a fire one-or Bob wanted me to give his calf more'n its share of milk, or little Tom wanted anything I could get fer him, I allays humored But she wouldn't say one thing about Steve. 'em; an' I knew they liked me et I wasn't their She dried her eyes an' helped do up the work;

an' then went up stairs, said her head ached an' they came. She murmured then, brokenly. All Amy-I like Charlie; his kisses are so nicel we mether.

"We had an awful lot of work the summer a she was goin' to bed. I had to go in the room | we could make out was, 'Pap—Steve never— Beils (with enthusiasm)—Aren't they!

ROSES. BLUSH



old them a whis-p'ring tale. So love's sto - ry sup - po - ses-The blush it still doth lin - ger, The blush it

year after I went there. He put in a big crop, fur he said he was bound to pay fer a twentyacre pasture he had jest bought, an' so
we had to be up airly an' late.
You see, he got two more cows,
and hired another hand; an' I declare it was like

a big hotel, only I believe it was harder. An' I thought he'd work bisself too death, too; fur there wasn't a lazy bone in his body; an' the boys—I was sorry fur the little fellers. It seems to me folks think children never gets tired. Why, I've knowed Bob to be that wore out thet he'd crawl up stairs at night on his hands and knees; but I couldn't do nothin', only be good "Well, one day he fell out with the 'hand'

thet I'd seen Emly liked, an' turned him offright in harvest time, too. An' thet didn't help matters, for Emly sulked, an' the man was a good worker, an' his place couldn't be filled. An' so the 'Squire was cross as a bear. An' him an' Emly had several fusses, an' at last she told him she was going to marry Sam White—thet was the feller's name. My! I'll never forget that time. But it's no use talkin' it over. Emly faced her pap to the last; an' me and Barbry cried. An' it ended in Emly packin' up her things an' goin' to one of the neighbors. An' I must say I don't believe what came afterwards would have happened if Emly hadn't agger-

"Of course it wasn't any easier on me an Barbry after Emly was gone, though I do say the hired men was awful clever helpin' us whenever they could: an' I says to Barbry one day, 'don't you fall in love with any one of them boys, fer I can't spare you.' An' she laughed, me with a feather when she says, cried like, 'I won't, ma; I'm engaged to Phil Thomas.' 'Barbry Hillyer,' says I, 'you ain't no such thing! 'Yes I am, ma,' she says; 'but we're goin' to wait till he's of age; he's only turned twenty now." 'Dear me,' thinks I, 'what will the 'Squire say.' You see I never'd thought of Barbry carin' fer anybody. All the young fellers in the neigh-borhood took every chance to be with her an' was comin' to the house on errands, round Sundays. But laws! I never

thought of her carin' more for one than tother. An' wondered how it would turn out. Phil was a nice boy, but his folks wasn't very well off, an' I felt worried. An' so the time went on. Harvest was over, an' Emly married, an' her man, we heard, had rented a farm in the neighborhood; when one day, Barbry an' me bein' busy in the kitchen, the Squire come in, seemin' in a mighty good humor, an' he says, 'I tell you, mother, -he called me that nearly always-'I've had a streak of luck. I got a big price for Selim, an' he's gone.' Now Selim was the name Steve had given his colt; an' I says, 'Selim! Why, you surely haven't sold Stave's colt? He laughed. 'Steve's colt,' be said, 'but my horse; the beast's over four years oid.' 'Oh, pap!' said Barbry, 'you oughtn't done it; Steve loved

"'I'll give him the black colt, said pap; 'an' a new suit of clothes; that'll make it all right." But it didn't. When Steve found his horse had been sold he flew into a dreadful rage. An' l couldn't blame him, though I tried to pacify him, tellin' him his pap had a right to do as he pleased. 'He hed no right to sell my horse,' eried the boy; 'he gave him to me right at first, an' I raised him, an' he'd nicker to me, an' let me do anything with him, an' I loved him; an fur pap to sell him, without even tellin' me, he's

no better than a horse-thief. "'Oh, Stevey,' says I, 'don't talk so-it's wicked.' But the boy was wild. 'It's not wicked to tell the truth,' be said. 'What'd he give him to me fur if he was goin' to sell him! say he is a thief to sell what didn't belong to him!" Oh, dear, dear! His pap heerd Steve, fur jist then he came in an' grabbed the boy by the collar and flung him across the room. The poor fellow staggered and saved himself from falling; an' the 'Squire caught him again, kicked him savagely and opening the door threw him into the yard. You needn't think Steve didn't show fight. But what could a slepder lad of fifteen do against a strong man! I was that scared I couldn't move or speak.

And as fur Barbry, she was white as a sheet as her pap shut the door on Steve and turned around. He looked at us a minute his curred. around. He looked at us a minute, his eyes was glarin' an' bis face red as fire. 'You git to work, miss; an' as fur you,' he said to me, 'you let that boy alone; none o' your pettin' him. Do you hear?' I didn't say a word, an' he went in the room bangin' the door to after him. "We looked at each other. Then Barbry, with her white face set sort o' like her father's. walked to the kitchen door, opened it, an' went out in the darkness, for it was a cloudy evening. And supper was owin' to the men work in the lower meadow; I dished up the meal and called all hands; but neither Barbry or Steve came in an' we ate without 'em. I was mighty feared their pap would ask for 'em, but he didn't An' as soon as the men went out of the kitchen I went to look fur 'em. I soon found Barbry; she was settin' on the back porch cryin'.

as it was bed-time an' I didn't know what to di I slipped out an' bunted for Steve. Then I went up stairs, thinkin' mebbe he'd gone around the house to the front door. But he hadn't, an' the boys said they hadn't saw him. So I had to say before I lay, down, 'I guess Steve ain't in the house.'

"'Let him stay out then,' said the 'Squire, angry as ever. He hadn't spoke to me all the evenin' since the fuss. 'I'll let him know I'm "I didn't sleep much that night an' I thought,

'well, Sally Humphrey was a happier woman than Mrs. 'Squire Hillyer, I reckon, but Mrs. does sound better.' Not a word was said in the morning till breakfast was called. Then little Tom asked for Steve, 'I reckon he's asleep in the barn, said pap; 'go tell him to come in; he's acted the fool long enough.' The boy went, but soon came back saying he 'couldn't find Steve,' I see 'Squire's face change color. But he sat down to the table without a word, an' we was about half through breakfast when there was a knock at the back door. Barbry opened the door au' a strange man walked in. 'Squire, he said, 'good mornin.' That horse I bought of yer yesterday is missin, an' I thought mebbe I'd find him here. He either got out of the stable or was taken out.'

"For a minit nobody spoke. Then Tommy said, 'Pap, Selim ain't here. Mebby Steve's gone after him." "'Who's Steve? said the stranger. 'He is my son,' answered pap, quickly. 'You shall have our help, sir, in cetting your horse. Set down an' eat a bite while I look about a bit.' The stranger sat down an' Barbry poured his as the door closed behind us he grabbed my arm. Where's that boy!' he whispered savagely. 'I

"I was kind o' stunned fer awhile. I saw he thought Steve had gone an' got the horse an' was gone. But I knew better. I felt somehow Steve was not that kind of a boy. The stranger came out an' pretty soon he an' the 'Squire rode off. I went in to Barbry. She was tryin' to eat

with tears runnin' down her face. "Barbry, said I, where kin Steve bel Your pap's nearly crazy fer fear he has stolen Selim and gone off.' Barbry's face flamed up. 'Steve's no thief,' she said, 'wherever he is.' An' I couldn't get another word out of her. It was an awful long, hot day, an' we had a big ironin' to do. Barbry worked hard all mornin', but after dinner she got real sick, an' I made her go out o' doors and set in the shade. After a while heerd her call me, an goin out I see Phil Thomas a talkin' to her.

"'Ma,' she called out, as soon as she see me, Phil says Steve's at their house, an' has been all night. I thought he'd go there or to Em'ly's. 'Is he comin' home?' I asked Phil. He shool his head. 'Em'ly is at our house now,' he said, an I think he'll go home with her. He is pretty badly hurt from a fall, he says, an' is somewhat lame, but he'll get along.' I went in to my ironin' feelin' thankful, an' left the youngsters to themselves. Bless 'em! they made a pretty

"Phil stayed till about 4 o'clock, and after he was gone Barbry come in to help about supper. 'I wish pap'd come: she kep saving: 'I want him to know Steve is no thief.' Presently she ran out on the back porch and stood lookin' down the road, an' I heard the clatterin' of a horse, an' I run out just in time to see Barbry go like a flash out of the back gate towards the stable. It was all over in a minute. I see the horse rare up as she flung the open door to. I see her pap hangin' with one foot in the stirrup. his head draggin', though one hand still held the bridle; and I got to hir "mehow jist as he got his foot losse, an' I helt "pim up, an' there lay Barbry white an' still. Her pap let go the horse an' stooped down. 'Barbry!' he said. She never moved. 'She's dead,' I said; 'what done it? Oh, Barbry! my precious! What hurt you? 'Be still!' he said, sharply; 'she's not dead. Help get her in the house. We lifted her up an' she opened her eyes. 'Phil, she whispered, faintly, 'tell pap Steve's-' again. We got her on the bed, an' I got the camphire, an' paprung the big bell for the hands, an' soon as they come in sent one for the doctor. But I found where she was hurt. There was a great ugly bruise right between her pretty white shoulders. A little stream of blood begun to trickle out of her mouth. 'Send over to Thomas's,' I said, 'for Phil an' Steve an' Em'ly.' He thought I'd lost my senses I know. 'They'r there,' I said. 'Phil was here.' In spite of his trouble his face lighted up. 'Then Steve not- he began, the name Barbry's eyes opened again. mind pap, he don't-he don't mean it, Stevey, she muttered. 'I know it's hard, but I guess he ikes us children.' 'Go,' I said, 'send fer 'em.' He went out, with that queer, gray color creep-in over his face that I see in the mornin'. An' pretty soon I heard the horse gallepin' off. Then he came back. Well, we done all we could. The doctor came, an' Phil, an' Steve, an' Em'ly and her man. But she never spoke but once after

ma's real good-Phil-mother!' she cried aloud at last, an' her eyes opened wide, and she looked wonderingly at us, fixing her gaze for a little on her pap, who stood at the foot of the bed. Then a long shudder shook her body, an' her breath came in gasps; a torrent of blood poured out of her mouth an' she was gone.

'Yes, we had to bear it. People can bear things when they have to. But he's never been the same man. An' his face keeps that queer color. I've heerd that when that ashy look comes to anybody they've got their death-blow. They may live a few years, but it's death it

"'How did he get throwed? Well, you see, jest as he rode in at the barn-yard gate the horse sheered an' throwed him, an' his feet caught Barbry [see it all, an' see the stable door open. She knowed the horse'd make fur his stall an' her pap's braine'd be knocked out; an' she got there in time to shut the door an' when the horse reared up he struck her afore she could git out of the way. Yes, Steve stayed at home. I dun-no what we'd do without him; an' Em'ly an' her man comes over right often. She has a little girl now. She calls it Barbry, an' it's mighty cute. But it'll never be like my Barbry to me or pap either. An' after all, Selim had got out himself, an' was on his way home when they caught him. But pore Stevey, he said he never wanted to see him again. "Phil Thomas! He was pretty down hearted for a good while; but he's chirked up now, an' I heard he was waitin' on Melinda Jones. She's

a nice grl but she couldn't hold a candle to Bar-"Dead folks soon forgot, you say. I don't elleve it. Folks don't lorget; but mournin' always. An' it wouldn't be right ef they could. I know long as I live I'll never ferdon't know,' I said, fer I didn't. He looked at me. His face turned most the color of ashes. 'Oh, God!' he cried, then he hurried toward the him either. He's awful good, of he is a little close with money. But that's his nature. I reckon its cause he knows how hard it is to git. But, bless my heart, it's nigh 4 o'clock, and that

girl will never git supper on without I see to it; so you must excuse me a while. There's the al-bum with Barbry's picter in it. Tain't half as pretty as she was; but you can guess a little what she's like by it "Ef you see him comin', jist slip it out o' sight; he can't bear to see it. There's some of my folks' likenesses in it too. No. I never did hev mine taken. Don't reckon I ever will, but laws I must see about supper.'

A Vain Quest. We started one morn, my love and I, On a journey brave and bold; Twas to find the end of the rainbow,

And the buried bag of gold.
But the clouds rolled by from the summer sky,
And the radiant bow grew dim. And we lost the way where the treasure lay, At the foot of the rainbow's rim. And the twilight fell like a curtain Pinned with the evening star, And we saw in the shining heaven

The new moon's golden car.

And we said as our hands clasped fondly.

What though we found no gold;

Love is a richer treasure Than the rainbow's sack can hold And years with their joys and sorrows

Have passed since we lost the way

To the beautiful buried treasure

At the end of rainbow's ray. But love has been true and tender And life has been rich and sweet And we still clasp hands with olden joy That made our day complete. -Mrs. D. M. Jordan, in Scribner,

Reward of Honesty.

"Talking of umbrellas," he said excitedly I lost my silk umbrella a week ago, and I'd cheerfully give \$10-" "Was it a brown-slik umbrella with carved vory handle?" inquired one of the group, quick-

"It was. You've described it exactly. As I was saying. I'd give \$10-" "It's at my office this moment," interrupted the other: "I saw it was a valuable article and locked it up in my wardrobe and kept it safely "Well, I was about to remark that I'd cheerfully give \$10 to have never owned a silk umorella. Being as you have it I'll call around,

however. Much obliged." "Don't mention it." And he didn't. The Use of the Bustle.

Leary (Ga.) Courier. It is given out that Mrs. Cleveland has discarded the bustle. We hope our lady friends will not follow Mrs. Cleveland's example in this particular. The bustle is the best arm rest ever invented, and its usefulness should not be sacrificed because one woman says it must go.

Surprising Corroboration.

The Kitten of the Regiment, This kitten, sir, of the Colonel's? I'll tell the story. We were at Roanoke, a month ago. Waiting the fleet, and camped the hill-eide white. One night, when sentinels were all at post, We lay around the fires and talked of home. The smoke wreathed up into the still blue sky,
The wind was whist, and all the stars shone clear—
Just such a night as sleeps above the hills
Of old New England when the frosts are hoar—

Talking not aloud, but soft, as soldiers talk,
After some months o' the rolling drum and sight
Of blood. The sentinel's sudden challenge came:
"Halt! Who goes there?"

We all leaped up and harked.
"Only Doll Brewster, sir; I've brought my kitty."
What! a child's voice?—a child at bayonet's point?
Shame! Let her pass. hame! Let her pass. Into the fire-light then,
Led gently by two brave, kind soldier-boys,
Blushing, with downcast eyes, and pretty lip
Half curled to crv, hair loose and all like gold,
A kitten on her breast, walked sweet Doll Brewster

Well, sir, the regiment came on the run;
And such a wall of 'em, all of 'em looking down
At a ten-year girl, hair loose, lip curled to cry,
And a kitten, white as snow, curled under her chin.
"Just like my sister!" cried one, "And mine!" cried

Till the fire began to look dim to all of us.

Then, sir, the Colonel came, with his sword a clanking.

"What's this?" ne cried, but stopped, and his face 'Please, sir," said Doll, "I've brought you my little It's all I had, and papa is sick and poor. (Mamma, you know, is dead.) We're Northerners, sir. And brother died for the flag. I loved him se.

Please take my kitty; I want to give something, sir.'

The Colonel's He proposed and cancel her in his

Caught kitten and Doll, and kissed 'em both. He did And every man of us would have done the same, And mighty glad of the chance. There wasn't an eve Could hold its tears, nor cheek that had kept dry, And if it hadn't been for the Colonel there, A hundred of us would have kissed the child.

That's all the story of the kitten, sir— The Colonel's kitten and the regiment's. We wouldn't have a hair of it hurt for gold— Nor blood, if it came to that! You know how a man can feel for a bit of a child With golden hair and eyes like the heaven's blue; And she'd a brother who died for the old flag, too! Oh, sir, we dreamed of home the livelong night— Sisters and sweethearts, mothers and wives and daugh-

Never was sweeter sleep in a soldier's camp.

And all because that little bright-haired child,

Doll Brewster, with a kitten on her breast,

Came up the hill, marched by the sentinel's gun,

Stood in the fire-light with her golden hair All loose, and pretty lip half curled to cry, And said: "It is all I had. Please take it, sir-

Please take my little kitty; I want to give something -James Buckham, in Harper's Young People. Written for the Sunday Journal. A Summer Day. When, like the blossoming of a bud, the east Oped slowly from paie pink to roseate hue.
Turning to redder glow as light increased;
And, as the soft wind lapped the early dew,
Blending the mist of night with blushing day;

When earth and sky lay tenderly carest

By waves of sea, scents bloom from wind-tossed spray,

I looked and said "The dawn is best." And when the same rich color filled heaven's space
With deeper lines in crimson billowy gleams;
When pale clouds frightened, silently gave place
To burnished gold's meridian beams.
That broke in shivered rays on roof and spire,
Then swept exultingly o'er ocean's breast
Like the victory of a grand desire,
I looked and said, "The noon is best."

But when, redolent with roses' tears, there fell Delicious waves of noiseless, late-sprung breeze When mellowed light touched sea and pearly shell With softest carned tints from swaying seas;
As, kissed by placid surf, the low sun sank
Like one bright drop of blood into the West
Thro' lips of night in purple shadows drank,
I said, "The eve is happiest."

Recipe for Writing a Villanelle. It's a trick, quite easy when you know it, As easy as reciting A B C; You need not be an atom of a poet.

If you've a grain of wit, and want to showit, Writing a villanelle—take this from me— It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it. You start a pair of rhymes, and then you "go it" With rapid-running pen and fancy free; You need not be an atom of a poet. Take any thought, write round it or below it. Above or near it, as it liketh thee;

It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it. Pursue your task, till, like a shrub, you grow it Up to the standard size it ought to be; You need not be an atom of a poet. Clear it of weeds, and water it and hoe it.

Then watch it blossom with triumphant gles.

It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it.

You need not be an atom of a poet.

READING FOR THE DAY.

The Sunday-School Lesson. June 17, 1888. [Lesson XII, Matt. xxviii, 16-20. [A.D. 30 THE GREAT COMMISSION-Golden Text: Pea

HOME BEADINGS. Ionday-The great commission ... Matt. xxviii, 16-20

Wednesday—Witnesses for Christ

Wednesday—Peter's witness

Acts ii, 37-43

Thursday—The gospel for all

Acts x, 34-44

Friday—Necessity of obedience

John xv. 8-17

Saturday—Glory of the gospel

Isa. lii, 7-17

Sunday—Spreading the faith

1 Thess. i, 1-171 Thess. i, 1-10 St. Matthew in his gospel omits all events in the history of our Lord after his resurrection. except his appearance to the women, of our last lesson, and the appearance in Galilee, with its

great commission and pledge, of the present one. These events are most conveniently grouped under the several appearances which are here brought together. There are eleven recorded appearances of our Lord after his resurrection, viz.: 1. To Mary Magdalene (John xx, 14; Mark xvi, 9); 2. To Mary Magdalene and the other Mary (Mat. xxviii, 9), To Peter (Luke xxiv, 34); 4. To the two disciples at Emmans (Luke xxiv, 31-35); 5.
To ten of the disciples at Jeru-To the salem (John xx, 19): eleven at Jerusalem (Mark xxvi, 14; Luke xxiv, 36; John xx, 26); 7. To seven of the disciples at the sea of Tiberias (John xxi, 1-24); 8. To the eleven on a mountain in Gallilee (Matt. xxviii, 16; Mark xvi, 15); 9. To the five hundred—by many thought to be identical with 8—(1 Cor. xv. 6); 10. To James (1 Cor. xv. 7); 11. To the eleven on Mt. Olivet at his ascen-

sion (Mark xvi, 19; Luke xxiv, 50; Acts i, 3-12). The present lesson is the fitting close of the gospel by Matthew. The royal appearance, the royal utterance, the royal commission, and the royal pledge form an appropriate conclusion to the gospel of the Messiah, the gospel of the King. As Schaff well says, St. Matthew keeps "distinctly before our minds the universal sovereignity of Christ; his purpose of bringing all nations into his kingdom; the conditions of admission and continuance of his church; the complete record of his teaching, doctrinal, moral and spiritual; and the assurance of perpetuity and progress under his abiding presence.

1. Christ's recorded appearances are eleven 2. Those who meet Christ in the way of His appointment pover fail of bearing good news. 3. Christ is seen in the gracious influences

that surround us. 4. The church, the Sunday-school, the sac raments, the Scriptures, and our Christian civilization, with all its blessings, testify of a risen Christ to whom all power has been com-

5. The doubt of the disciples is strange, but the doubt of to-day is infinitely more so.

6. Everyone, intentionally or unintentionally, is busy teaching either good or evil. 7. Christ's desciples, by their lives, conversa

tion, and example, should advertise the worth of Christ's doctrine. 8. Our commisson is, "The world for 9. Christ's disciples are to teach Christ's 10. God's law remains unchanged, suited t

all circumstances and conditions in all times

all pations and individuals. 11. Christ shares in all our work for Him There can be no failure in such work. Doubt 12. Christ is with His disciples all the days without interruption, ever ready to help, en-13. Life and work with Christ here will be come life and glory with Him hereafter.

Religious Notes. The gross income of the British and Foreign Bible Society the past year was \$1,251,000, and its expenditures \$1,125,000.

Longfellow: We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.

When the late Rev. Mr. Burgess, who recently

died in Consecticut, took his first pastorate in Maine, his atlary was but \$2.50 a year. The Protestant Episcopal Church in this country has, including 1.618 missions, 4,434 churches, 3,745 ministers, 418,531 communicants. The Boston Y. M. C. A. has dedicated its new athletic grounds. Base-ball will be played there, but no one will be allowed to swear at the umpire.

Martha's Vineyard Herald: That Tennesses elergyman who inherited a fortune of \$8,000,000 now asserts that the story of Dives is an "in-

That taint of scrofula is your blood can be which eradicated by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Happiness depends far less upon the external sieeves within us, and not main sources thereof are within us, and not without. Many a man is happine in his poverty than a king on his threas, or a millionaire in all "Yes; here."

his luxury. It is a great mistake to judge the comparative happiness of man by the disence their outward condition.

A call to prayer has been issued to ministers and Christians throughout the world, on behalf of the general conference on foreign missions to be held in London from the 9th to the 19th of

The Congregationalist states that during the last fifty years the membership of the Congregational churches in Vermon has diminished by about 3,000, and that sixty-nine churches have died out or been united with others.

A number of well-known Methodist preachers have been named to fil! the Washington pulpit made vacant by the elevation of Dr. Newman to a bishopric. Among them are Drs. Me Gregor, of Brooklyn, and Cony and Peck, o

Religious people in St. Louis are stirred up over the alleged remark of a speaker in a Young Men's Christian Association meeting, to the effect that "Christ undoubtedly did make wing at the feast of Cana in Galilee, but it was his first miracle, and he was young yet."

Rutherford beautifully writes: "It is a good sign when the Lord blows off the blossoms of our froward hopes in this life and topy took branches of our worldly joys to the very on purpose that they should not thrive.

Bernard: "My burden is light," said the blessed Redeemer. A light burden indeed, which carries him that bears it. I have looked through all nature for a and I seem to find a shadow of it in the wings of a bird, which are indeed borne by the creature, and yet support her flight toward heaven. There are in the Methodist Episcopal Church 24,225 schools, 268,391 officers and te 2,005,328 scholars—an increase during the quadrennium of 2,772 schools, 38,826 officers and

teachers, 312,708 scholars. During the greenium the conversions reported are being an increase over the previous quad nium of 112,421. There are in the follow foreign fields 1,643 Sunday-schools, with 80,355 scholars: Norway, Sweden, Finland, Denmark, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Bulgaria, China, Japan, India, Liberia, Mexico, South America. It is stated that Sir A. B. Walker, of Liverpool, a brewer, has offered to build a cathedral in that city at a cost of \$1,250,000. Some of the religious papers object decidedly. They say he is not only a brewer, but is owner of a large number of driak-shops in Liverpool. Says the Commonwealth: "Bishop Ryle is at the head of the Liverpool diocese; and Dr. Ryle, before

of the Liverpool diocese; and Dr. Ryle, before
he became a bishop, was noted for his strength
of character and his manly outspokenness. But
we have not heard that the bishop has declined.
Sir A. B. Walker's offer; we are afraid that we
shall never hear of his having declined it." Congregationalist: There is an old story of a beggar to whom one day there appeared by the wayside a beautiful being, with her hands outstretched, laden with treasures. As he gazed at her in stupid surprise, she glided that him; but she returned with her treasures saill held out to him; and once more, with beseching eyes, as if she would compel him to take what she offered, she passed slowly by and disappeared. She had no sooner gone than, as if waking from a dream, he hurried eageris in the direction she had taken. He met a travelor, and said "Hara you seen a heartiful." and said, "Have you seen a beautiful strange with her hands full of the things that I want

ing along this road!" "Yes," replied the traveler, "her name is Opportunity. But once fered, and once refused, she never returns." The receipts of the American Baptist Publication Society for the year amounted to nearly \$450,000, besides credit sales amounting to nearly \$53,000. The total receipts from all sources amounted to \$582,491, and the net assets of the society are \$711,805. During the year 112 new publications were added to the society's cate logue. The total number of copies of books pamphlets, tracts etc., printed during the year was 29,307,797, equivalent to 2,067,145 volumes of 300 pages each. The increase in contribution in the missionary department was \$3,57%. The total receipts for the Bible work for the year was \$29,439, or \$16,066 above last year. Ni four missionaries of various classes and sionary secretaries were in the employ of the

society during the year. Only a Little Cold.

Somerville Journal. They were riding together in the mand he was trying hard to think of m pleasant to say. All of a sudden she par slight shiver. "Are you cold, Miss Hattief he as "I will put my coat around gould "Well, yes," said she shyly, with the shiver; "I am a little cold, I confi needn't put your coat are and me slooves will do."